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On Tuesday, WBW called and asked me if he could spend the weekend in Carbondale. Yes, said I. He will take the Short Line bus that arrives in Carbondale at 9:15 P.M. on Friday night. When I arrived at Martz in Scranton on Thursday night, WSP was there. On the ride home, I was overwhelmed by the smells of summer: flowering trees and bushes and grass. It was wonderful. WSP looked at me like I was crazy, I think, because he is around those smells so constantly that he never smells them. When WBW arrived in Carbondale on Friday night, I was pleased to see that he also noted the smells of summer. The locust trees were in bloom. When we arrived at Box 29 (we took I81 home) HLRP had chicken salad ready: I tried my best not to overeat. I didn't dress for the meeting, rather, I arrived in a tie-less state: summer dress. In attendance in Council Chambers were John Brennan, John Revak, John Buberniak, Joe Pascoe and myself. Joe Pascoe said that there is a projector at the High School that we can use during Pioneer Week. Would I write a letter to Robert Ford (President, Carbondale School Board) and ask his permission to use it. On June 3, 1982, I wrote and asked for permission to use the projector. David was not at the meeting. I discussed with my colleagues the effect of DJB's leaving the NEWS and, probably, Carbondale. The Committee, as well as CCH, is larger than any one individual. The Committee's work must go on and the building must be restored. It is a simple as that. My colleagues were a bit down in the dumps at the news of DJB's leaving town. I proposed that we have a testimonial dinner in David's honor prior to his leaving town. We discussed the possible places in town to hold such an affair as well as the dates. The possible places: Ben Mar, Andrews, Squeekies, Morrison's, Weather Vane, The Barn. The tentative date: July 15. Joe Pascoe and Nan Loftus were appointed by me to be the co-chairpersons in charge of this testimonial, which will take place in the evening. On the morning of the 28th, I was at the corner of Salem and Church with DWP on our way down to Memorial Park, Joe Pascoe was driving up Salem and spotted DWP and I and called out. He had spoken with Nan Loftus and David and they all agreed that July 15th will be just fine. They decided that the affair should not get too big (why not) and that the best place, all things considered, would be at The Chellino (the Speddings are friends of DAVID's and DAVID lives in their house at 58 Wayne Street). We will hold it in the back room at The Chellino: which sounds somewhat "louche" that is not the case however. Joe Pascoe and Nan Loftus are perfect for chairing such a committee. We will work out a specific program for the dinner. There must be a printed schedule: I will deliver some remarks: perhaps it will be a good moment to make a kind of "annual report" on what we have done, perhaps not. I announced that we will have a railroad seminar and a schools seminar during Pioneer Week. John Kiefer, John Clark, John Buberniak, Bob Tomaine and I will be the nucleus of the railroad seminar. Margaret Breese, Edith Gardner, Nan Loftus, Joe Pascoe, DWP, Romaine Prince and Lillian Washeleski and SRP will be the nucleus of the schools seminar. At the conclusion of the meeting, I told John Revak and John Buberniak that I was headed to Scranton to pick up DWP and asked if they wanted to ride along. JVB said yes and Revak said no. On the way down in the car, JVB spoke very openly and frankly to me about how he only had one friend, and that friend lived in Eynon, and that he didn't really have any friends in Carbondale High School. I explained to him that one didn't really need a whole herd of "friends" and he seemed comforted. He wasn't depressed or terribly upset about the fact that he is a loner, but he needed some "bucking up" as mother would say, and I tried to do just that. John is so much more mature than the people with whom he goes to school that they don't really know what to make of him. He is mature far beyond his sixteen or seventeen years. John is no more comprehensible to his peers than I was to mine. The ride to Scranton was quickly passed and before I knew it we were at Greyhound, at about 9 P.M.

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DWP had been there for about thirty minutes. He was sitting outside under the canopy where the buses arrive and it was a pleasant reunion. John was very pleased to see another kindred spirit and said to me in the car on the way down that he liked DWP and was glad he would be in town for the weekend. Before we broke up at the meeting, John Revak, John Buberniak and I agreed that we would go see John Kiefer on Saturday and that we would take our Gravity Railroad walk on Saturday. Revak would call Kiefer on Saturday and arrange a meeting, hopefully in the AM and we would take our Gravity walk in the P.M. We drove JVB to his house at 46 Canaan Street and DWP and I went home and ate more chicken salad and other treats: HLRP had prepared scrambled eggs and sausage and left it on the stove and we devoured that in good order. HLRP and WSP are terrific hosts: they always think about arrangements a day or two in advance, particularly when it comes to food. On Friday morning DWP and I went into town with HLRP at 9 A.M. and went to the Post Office and collected the mail and Paul Mullally was there and he gave me 10 more flags and I thanked him and he asked if I would write to Charles Police in Scranton and thank him for the flags, which I did, on June 5, 1982. I also opened Post Office Box 151 in the name of the Committee: Post-master Barrett's note was in 151, which is right next to 161. The Post Office visit was very easy and amusing and pleasant. I was pleased to see that the fellow who wrote out the receipt for the box (151) made it out to "Committee to Restore Carbondale" and not just "City Hall." One step at a time. DWP and I next went to the NEWS office and Heth was all sweetness and light. I bought two more copies of the issue of the NEWS of May 26 and Heth seemed pleased. That issue has many, many items of interest in it: see clipping file. I asked if there was any mail and Phil said no. I told him that I had opened a Post Office Box and that that would take care of much of the mail. Phil said: "We have your article all typeset and ready to go." I didn't ask what he was talking about, but surely my curiosity was at its highest. I knew if had to be one of the articles that I had submitted to DJB that were never published, but I couldn't figure out which one and, what particularly took me aback was the fact that I couldn't believe that Phil was going to publish one of my articles. I was under the impression that he was more or less indifferent to local history. The article in question turns out to be the "Pioneer Hose Companies of Carbondale" article. Why did Phil publish the article in the issue of the paper immediately after David left? Is Phil interested in local history? Was Phil making the point to the city of Carbondale that "everything will continue as it did when David Baum was editor?" I am not sure what Phil is getting at by publishing the article, when he did. He gave the article the full six-column wide treatment on the bottom of page 4: it was very impressive to see. DWP and I left the NEWS in a flourish of joviality and good humour. We went to Ivy Antiques where DWP bought some more photographs, including two photographs of ORA LOOMIS RUSSELL. Absolutely astounding. One of the photographs (Ora in nurse's attire, standing alone, vertical format) is a COMPLETELY NEW PHOTOGRAPH FOR THE ARCHIVE!! I wonder if DWP showed the photographs to HLRP. We stopped into the Goodwill Store and said a quick hello to John's mother. I bought a silk scarf and DWP bought a shirt. Mrs. Buberniak had been told by John that we were planning a cemetery repair visit to Elkdale on Friday afternoon and that we would meet John at City Hall at 1 P.M. We met HLRP at 11:45 in front of City Hall. DWP bought two Carwahanna hot dogs for his luncheon, having stated that he did not care to have any chipped beef gravy, as it were, to eat. WSP, HLRP and I all had the latter, by Stouffers. I am not too fond of the stuff either, but I did not want to hurt HLRP's feelings, as she seemed very interested in having it. At about 1 P.M. we got a pick and shovel and went to town and met John and off we went. We made a stop in the Russian Orthodox Church cemetery just outside of Dundaff and paid our respects to members of John's very spread out family. The Cemetery was in good repair and rather